

Entwine, Veiled Woman

Her frosted essence hints of winter coming closer, like the last time
My yearning presence's waiting for the dawn of grace, like the last time

After fall of leaves her spell was gone, black dyed november
After fall of leaves my love was gone, black dyed november

The snow has fallen and the woods are veiled by her, she's so bewitching
Greyneess, of sullen mourning skies are torn asunder, she's so bewitching

After the leaves have fallen down

After fall of leaves her spell was gone, black dyed november
After fall of leaves my love was gone, black dyed november